



UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXII.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 19, 1872.

NO. 25.

For the Myrtle.

### Nothing More.

**G**RACIE, please my needle thread ;  
Sewing on this cape for Ted  
With its flaming dazzling red  
Blinds my eyes ;  
They have never failed before,  
'Tis the cape and nothing more,  
O I wish the march was o'er, —  
See the skies !

Little boys, when I was young,  
Read and ciphered, played and sung,  
They were never found among  
Marching men,  
Wearing uniform and things,  
Just like masquerading kings ;  
If the night a shower brings,  
Well, what then ?

"Teddy's cape would lose its shine."  
Gracie, this is very fine,  
Once more lend your eyes to mine ;  
That is well ;  
Soon the nonsense will be done,  
And we'll call the little one,  
So that he may try it on.  
"Won't he swell ?"

You are little, Gracie dear,  
I was young when you came here ;  
Let me see—it was the year  
And the day  
That the workmen over there,  
After years of toil and care  
Launched the good ship Franklin. Where ?  
What did you say ?

O yes more than "twenty three,"  
That is *very* young for me ;  
I think I was thirty three  
Just before.  
'Tis the blinding, dazzling red  
Of this cape for little Ted,  
And the color of the thread, —  
Nothing more !

J. L. P.

For the Myrtle.

### Overdoing.



**C**OME few mornings since, rising early, I sat down at a chamber window to enjoy the sunrise. I was stopping at a farmhouse, and the sights and sounds of the country interested me. The birds were singing their rare, sweet songs, the grasses and daisies seemed striving to see which could be fairest, and the sky was blue and soft as summer skies can be. Just after I sat down at the window a little striped squirrel came and sat on a stone wall opposite. He raised up on his haunches and sat looking, a very king in composure and dignity, not stirring from that position for a long, long time. He watched the people narrowly, that were coming up the road. Some of them stopped at the house where I was stopping, and some passed by.

When he saw any one coming near him, he would duck his head quickly down behind the wall. But if they turned into the gate of the house, he would give himself a very jaunty air, and with a toss of his head and a fresh curl of his tail over his back, seem to say, "I'm not a bit afraid of any of you."

I watched him for a long time, and imagined he saw me and enjoyed my looking at him with admiration.

At last he seemed to tire of the sport, and

jumping down from the wall he ran away into an orchard that was near by, and I lost sight of him. But some hours later, when I sat again at the same window, the squirrel came again and took his seat on the same stone in the wall.

The bells rang for church, and I was obliged to go, and leave my newly found friend. You may smile at my calling him a friend, but who would not have a kindly feeling toward anything that seemed thus inclined to seek companionship and friendship?

When we rode away to church, I thought the squirrel looked at first as if he would like to jump into the carriage and go with us. I might have been mistaken in this, for there was a very marked look of defiance or contempt, (I could hardly tell which) on his face as we rode away. He seemed to be saying, "You can go and shut yourself in a hot church with a great crowd of people, and call that worship if you like to do so. But for my part I prefer the open fields, and the sweet air, and I'll worship in my way just as acceptably as you do in yours."

I didn't know but he was telling the truth, as I listened to his merry chattering. For there is a very inviting cathedral in the summer fields, and the preaching and music of the blossoms and birds are as melodious, and I sometimes think as wise, as most human lips utter.

I never expected to see my little squirrel friend again, but to my surprise, after our return from the afternoon service, he came and chattered to us again from his seat on the wall.

Not so uninterruptedly peaceful was this visit, as the one we had had from him in the morning. There was a dog in the family, whose name was Jack, and he had his own opinion on many subjects,—one of them was squirrels.

On this subject, his opinion was, that they were made for him to catch; and he meant, as far as he was able, to make them fulfil their destiny. He would catch every squirrel that came within his reach as quickly and as deftly as a cat would catch a mouse, and taking it in his teeth would shake it until it was dead, and then throw it down as if he had no farther interest in it.

Well, this was what he meant to do with my little friend. Making a great bound at the wall, he almost succeeded in catching the squirrel, before we any of us knew that he had seen him.

But the little fellow was too quick for him; he could leap farther and faster than the dog, and almost before we had time to think of his danger,

he was in the top of a tall elm tree that stood at the front of the house.

The dog seemed desperate when he saw how far the squirrel had gone from him. He ran to the foot of the tree and rushed up against the side of it, as if he thought he could climb as well as the squirrel. Failing in this, he scratched furiously at the foot of the tree as if he would tear it up by the roots.

This attempt seemed very comical, as the tree was a very large one, and had roots extending many yards in every direction, which had been perhaps a hundred years or more getting their deep foundations in the earth.

The dog was small, even in comparison with other dogs, and the idea was ludicrous that that little mite of animality could think to uproot that tree to bring down his game.

I am afraid there are some little boys and girls in the world that are too like poor "Jack;" they think that they can almost turn the world over, in order that some trifling wish of theirs may be gratified.

Well, Jack had to learn his lesson by experience. He scratched away furiously until he was quite exhausted. Then he sat down and considered the matter. It was evident that the tree would not come down to accommodate him. It was equally evident that he couldn't climb the tree to get the game.

What could he do?

Again he acted as I have seen some foolish children act. If he couldn't do anything efficient he would make up his want of work in the fuss he made about it.

Now he stood at the foot of the tree and barked. Not mildly, nor by any means in a voice to charm listeners; but with great, hoarse yelps, which made you wonder how so much noise could come out of so small a creature.

All this time the squirrel was sitting unconcernedly on a branch near the top of the tree, looking down as if he were saying,

"Bark on, little dog; it will be a long time before that noise will bring me out of the tree."

At first the squirrel sat very still, but he was as like some silly people as the dog, and pretty soon he grew restless; was not satisfied with being safe from his enemy, but thought he would like to be a little defiant toward him. So he began to chatter. At first rather softly, scarcely loud enough to be heard, while the dog was making so much noise.

But his chatter grew gradually louder, and then he was not satisfied. He seemed to take it into his head that he should seem a little more defiant if he were nearer to the dog.

So leaving his place of safety, he hopped down from that branch into the next. Then to the next, and the next, coming very rapidly, as if he were going to leap right into the dog's open mouth.

The dog grew terribly excited while this was going on. He evidently thought that he had got his game at last, without the trouble of going after it.

But of this he was too confident. The squirrel had no intention of jumping into his mouth. He only came down to take a nearer look at his enemy. When he had reached one of the lower limbs he suddenly stopped and sat down.

Then he chattered away, almost into the very ears of the dog. "Get me if you can! Get me if you can!"

It seemed as if the dog would go out of his skin with excitement. Every muscle of his body seemed to be in motion. He really tried to fly. Several times he jumped quite off from his feet. But he made a very awkward figure in the air. Instead of going upward as the birds do when they are on the wing, he would no sooner find himself off the earth, than he would set up such a kicking and scratching as was laughable beyond description to witness.

Then he would run to us, blinking his great eyes and wagging his tail as if he were imploring us to help him.

"What shall I do? what can I do?" he said in every motion.

The foolish squirrel was not satisfied with even this position of defiance. He seemed to think that it would be a fine thing to let the dog see how far *he* could leap through the air. So from limb to limb he went with astonishing swiftness. Then as if this were not sufficient, he ran to the end of one of the long limbs, and taking one look toward an apple tree that stood a long distance from the elm on which he was sitting, he took aim for it and sprang off into the air.

Our very hearts stopped beating when we saw him do this, for we could all of us see that the feat he had undertaken was impossible.

No creature, except it had wings, could have gone from the one tree to the other.

So we thought as we saw the squirrel leap, and so it proved. For quicker than I can tell it, he

came down to the ground, and the dog seized him in his eager mouth.

Had he been satisfied with well enough, he might have remained safely on the elm tree until the dog grew tired of watching and left it. But in his haste to gain all, he lost all, as too many a foolish one has done before him.

*Mrs. E. M. Bruce.*

## A Sunday Story.

A STORY, children? Well, draw close,  
Ere die the Sabbath hours,  
And ere your weary eyelids droop  
Like little wilted flowers.

We love to make this day, you know,  
The brightest of the seven;  
To think of all things sweet and pure,  
Of Christ, and rest, and Heaven!

\* \* \* \* \*

The weary day was spent, and now,  
As night fell on the sea,  
A group of men pushed out their boat  
And launched it silently.

Their sunburned faces, as they rowed,  
Were full of earnest thought,  
For they had been with Christ all day,  
And pondered what He taught.

From Him, that day, with wondering awe,  
Their hands had taken bread,  
And with a few small "barley-loaves"  
The multitude had fed.

And now, when eventide was come,  
He had withdrawn apart,  
For weariness and care oppressed  
His sacred, loving heart.

The night grew black with heavy clouds,  
The wind roared on the sea,  
And tossed the frail boat, while the men  
Toiled hard and hopelessly.

A shimmer on the waters black!  
A gleaming through the storm!  
And to their straining eyes appeared  
A bright approaching form.

No wonder that they shook with fear,  
And raised a startled cry!  
But hark, the voice so calm and clear,—  
"Fear not, for it is I!"

Oh, think the rapture of their hearts,  
When, 'mid the storm's fierce din,  
The little wave-tossed boat received  
Their Lord and Master in!

And children, life has many a cloud,  
And sorrow many a storm,  
And happy those who see through all  
The dear Lord's gracious form!

No matter how the waves may roar,—  
How black may be the sky;  
His voice floats sweet above the storm,—  
"Fear not, for it is I!"



For the Myrtle.

### Just for Fun.

#### PART I.

**T**HE village boys had a great grudge against "old Ferguson," as they called him—the man who kept the corner store and put out a handsome sign of "West India goods and groceries," but whose chief trade was done in his back store, where barrels were opened that contained neither molasses nor oil, and a great many bottles and jugs went in and out on the sly.

The boys knew that by means of this liquor-selling "old Ferguson" was a great harm to the town, and the worst enemy of otherwise happy homes. And the only thing they wanted to show their contempt of him was a good opportunity.

One evening a knot of them had been gathered on the hotel piazza hearing the men tell what tricks they played when they were boys, and one or two of the boys took a notion it would be a fine thing for them to do something of the kind.

"I tell you what," said Will Brown, gathering the boys together by themselves, "let's put out a sign for old Ferguson."

The boys were all alive to hear his plan, for they were more than usually stirred up about Ferguson, on account of some disgraceful things that had just happened in town through drunkenness.

"Let's put him up a sign on the village common," said Will Brown, and then he went on to unfold his scheme for "fun."

About midnight that night a squad of boys might have been seen, if there had been any light to see them by, softly opening one of the windows of the back store of the corner grocery. Will Brown and another boy got in, opened a dark lantern, and began to hand out bottles and jugs to the boys outside. There had not been such a rapid passing over that counter of costly wines, rare old brandies and gins by the jugful for many a day!

This went on till all the boys had all they could carry. Besides bottles and jugs they had taken all the small kegs they could manage, and after all had been passed through the window, Will and the other boy turned the faucets of the rum-barrels so they should leak pretty rapidly, then got out of the window themselves and shut it after them.

There was great glee among the boys to think they had got through all this so safely. Then they started for the common as fast as their burdens would allow.

In the centre of the common was a large flag-staff—the most conspicuous thing in the village. Around this, with an old barrel or two at the bottom, the boys piled the kegs and bottles, taking care that a good many of them should be left leaking and cracked. They would have emptied them all, only the people would not know in that case that they were not empty at first, and that would have spoiled the "fun."

After this pile was complete, they got a stuffed straw image that had been used as a scarecrow in a neighboring cornfield, righted it up a little to make it look more like a man, put an old battered hat on its head and leaned it up against the kegs and bottles so that it looked very drunk; and right over its head they put up on the flag-staff the sign that by means of a ladder they had carefully taken from over the door of the corner store,—

"West India Goods and Groceries.—

I. Ferguson."

Then the boys stood off and chuckled among themselves and said, "Won't there be fun, though, to-morrow morning," and silently separated for their homes after agreeing to "keep mum," and not be at the Common until after everybody else had been there.

PART II.

Will Brown did not know why he should feel so scary of the dark on his way home, or why after an uneasy night's slumber he should feel so ashamed to meet the eyes of his mother and sister in the morning. He was sure "old Ferguson" richly deserved it, and so everybody would say. But for some reason he took the longest way round away from the Common when he went to school.

Little good did it do him, however, for he had not got half way when he saw Ferguson coming down the road with a red, blustering face, and the village constable with him. Will's heart gave a great bound and then stood still.

He tried to walk by them very straight and unconcerned. But Ferguson's blazing eyes were too much for him, and he had scarcely heard a voice of suppressed rage say, "You little sneak, come along with us," before the constable's grip was felt not lightly on his shoulder, and he was turned around and marched toward the Common in spite of himself.

Half the men in the village were gathered on the Common and about the hotel steps, and there was not a little sly laughing and comments of "served him right;" but everybody tried to wear a look of rebuke and talk very gravely about "those scapegrace boys."

Not another boy was to be seen on the Common. Will was utterly bewildered to know why he should have been brought up, all alone, before this court of the whole village. But it was clear enough when the evidence was produced. Around the neck of one of the bottles, just where they had found it, was a cuff, and in the cuff was an agate button and on the back of the gold button was Will Brown's name in full.

Will saw at once that there was nothing for him but to "face the music." They took him into the bar-room of the hotel to hold an examination. But Will's mind was already made up. Nobody was found out but him, and nobody should be!



"The best thing for you, my lad," said the constable, "is to own up all you know about this affair and tell just who had a hand in it with you. It will save you and them a good deal of trouble."

"It might save *me* some trouble," said Will, "but I don't propose to be saved in that way."

"Do you propose to take this whole matter on your own shoulders?" said the constable sharply.

"I propose to bear whatever blame there is," said Will, but he said it with a trembling voice.

Then Ferguson spoke up.

"Young man," said he, "do you know what you are about? Do you know how much of my property you've destroyed, besides breaking the peace? Do you know I can put you in the lock-up and keep you there until you have to appear for trial? And I'll do it, too, unless you tell, this minute, the name of every boy engaged in this miserable scrape!"

Will had got over trembling then. His eyes met Ferguson's with as straight a look as they bore upon him.

"Do what you please," said he, "I have nothing to say."

And that was all they could do with him. Ferguson was as good as his word, and before noon Will found himself in narrower lodgings than he was ever in before.

Meanwhile, the men had gone about their business, without knowing just how it came out; Ferguson's man had taken home the poor remains of the liquor and put the sign back in its place, and most of them went to their dinner without knowing that on the pallet of the village lockup, with a scant and untasted meal beside him, sat a boy with his face buried in his hands, more wretched than he had ever been in his life.

Somebody knew it, however. His mother and sister were not long in hearing what had happened to Will, and with hearts full of astonishment and sorrow made their way to that strange place to find him.

Will made a clean breast of it to his mother and took so much blame and shame to himself that she could only weep with him, and comfort him. But even to her he did not tell the names of the other boys, nor did she ask him to.

"I'm so glad father is coming home to-night," sobbed Effie. "He'll get you out of this and attend to old Ferguson himself, so just don't feel bad, Will," but she kept crying herself.

"I could bear it," said Will, bursting out afresh, "if it wasn't for father's coming home."

Then his mother comforted him, and promised to see him again before night if he was not out, and left him feeling much less friendless and wretched than she found him.

The boys at school, too, had heard of the trouble and were in great consternation. They knew Will would not tell of them, and they were divided as to whether they would go in a body and deliver themselves up to Ferguson, or rescue Will from the lockup at the peril of their lives that night. They had about decided on the latter, when they heard that Mr. Brown had got home, and waited to see what would happen next.

Matters came straight pretty soon after Mr. Brown got home. Nobody knew how he felt, but everybody knew that Will was very quick out of the lockup and that Mr. Brown spent the evening going over the matter with Ferguson, and settled the whole affair with money.

There was a private subscription paper among the boys, and perhaps their fathers knew something about it. At any rate a committee of the boys soon waited upon Mr. Brown and offered

him what they thought might make him even with Ferguson. They never knew just what it was, only that he would not take all the money, but said,

"Not too much; let Will take his share with the rest."

As for Will, if he learned what his father's sorrow was, he found out what his forgiveness was, too.

The joke about Ferguson's groceries was heard in the village long after the small boys had used the old image for a football, until nothing was left of it but straw. Indeed, it did not die away until Ferguson himself sold out and left the town in disgust.

So evil was really overruled for good. But Will Brown did not forget his hard lesson, and he and the other boys never tried again to fight a wrong with its own weapons, or engage "just for fun" in midnight tricks of which they were ashamed by daylight.

H. A. B.

## Playing Pussy.

**T**IPPING lightly o'er the greensward,  
Jewelled with the flowers of June,  
Alice went to visit Gracie,  
One bright, golden afternoon;  
Long they gambolled, rolling "hoopie,"  
"Jumping rope," and "dressing doll,"  
Last, of course, came "playing patty,"  
As the crowning joy of all.

Gayly, then, these little maidens  
Flitted to and fro like birds,  
Bringing on the dainty dishes,  
Greeting each with merry words;  
Plates there were, like white moss-roses,  
Cups, like fairy lily-bells,  
Knives, like tiny blades of grasses,  
Forks and spoons that shone like shells

Roll and biscuit looked like snowflakes,  
White and small and just as light;  
Mites of cakes, with amber jellies,  
Nice and tempting to the sight;  
All were ready in a twinkling,  
Then, cried little Grace with glee,  
"Alice, ladies in the garden  
Walk before they take their tea!"

Mother, looking from her window,  
Smiled, their ways so grave to see;  
Then she heard the faintest tinkling  
Near the plates; what could it be?  
Quick, on tiptoe, there was Bobby,  
Eating fast of every sort!

"O you naughty boy! how can you  
Rob the girls of all their sport?"

"I am playing *Pussy*, mamma!"  
Bobby's quick and keen retort!

—Our Young Folks.



## The Sunday School Teachers' Institute.

If any of our Sunday School children think their teachers are not anxious to do the best they can for them, they should have looked in upon the Teachers' Institute at Worcester on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 2d and 3d.

In the first place they would have found hundreds of them there, showing by their presence how much they had the Sunday School work at heart. The beautiful church at Worcester, with its lovely tinted walls and soft colored lights, never smiled on a larger, we believe, certainly not on a more interested or *interesting* audience.

Then they would have seen that these hundreds of men and women were really our strongest and best Sunday School workers in New England. A very large number of ministers were present and took part, Superintendents from many of our leading schools did the same, while in the great body of the audience, men and women, one saw our best known teachers, still glad to come up to this normal school and learn something new about the Sunday School work. Nothing could have shown more strongly the great interest in the work than the fact that so many business men left their work and spent two entire days in the discussion of the interests of the Sunday School.

And we do not believe any went away without being fully paid both in the pleasure and profit of the Institute. Every session was crowded with good things. First was the hearty welcome given to all by the pastor at Worcester, Rev. Mr. St. John. Then short addresses on "The Field and the Laborer," by Supt. Carpenter of Providence, R. I. and "The Spirit and Method," by Rev. Mr. Hervey of Peabody. These we were not able to hear, but learn that they were full of good teaching about the way the Sunday School work should be done, and made an excellent beginning to the meeting.

In the afternoon the one-lesson method of teaching was *illustrated* by actual trial. The president of the Inst., Rev. Mr. Lewis, acted as teacher of the teachers and forming a class of those who were to teach afterward, showed the audience how the teachers' preparatory meeting should be carried on. The lesson was on "The Sabbath day," taken from the 12th chapter of Matthew, the first thirteen verses. After the teacher's meeting, Supt. Merrill of Peabody illustrated how he would present the lesson to an adult Bible class, Mrs. Bingham, of Boston, how it should be presented to a class from ten to twenty years old, and Mrs. Pear, teacher of the infant class at Cambridgeport, how the same lesson could be adapted to little children. We trust all were convinced after this exercise that the same thing could be taught in many different ways and something of it be understood by youngest as well as oldest.

After this exercise, written and oral questions were presented by the audience, which gave a lively as well as profitable hour.

Wednesday evening an excellent address was made by Dr. Fisher, President of the Divinity School at Canton, N. Y., on the "Study of the Bible in the Education of Children." He told, first, how he thought people might be educated into Christians, and gave as examples of these two ways of making Chris-

tians, Paul and John, Augustine and Origen. He thought it was our duty, not to leave our children to the vague hope that they would by and by be converted, but to be "workers with God" in bringing them up so that they would be Christians from the beginning. He then told how he thought the Bible ought to aid in this education; that it should not be studied alike in all parts, whether important or not, or read through and through as if the mere words had some magic power, but studied understandingly, for what it taught in spirit and in life. He thought much greater attention should be paid to the New Testament and especially the words and life of Christ than to the Old Testament, and that the greater part of our Sabbath School instruction should be from the gospels.

After the lecture, which was full of rich thought for teachers, came a general discussion in which many joined, and much was urged about the introduction of the uniform lessons in all our schools.

Thursday, after the fine morning conference led by Supt. McCorney of Worcester, was given to short written essays and familiar talks on Sunday School work. First, Rev. Mr. Farnsworth of N. H. gave his address on "The Wages of the Worker," that belonged in the first forenoon's order of exercises, but could not have been spared from the list of good things. He said, of course, that the reward of teaching of God was like the reward of all other good, *in the work itself*.

Then Supt. Foster of Taunton gave his ideas of the Sunday School services, *what* they should be and *how* they should be arranged. Rev. Dr. Bolles of Salem gave an exceedingly interesting half-hour's talk on the use of the blackboard and object-teaching in Sunday Schools; Prof. Shipman of Tufts College read an essay full of suggestions, on the manners and moral teaching of the Sunday School; and Rev. Miss Brown of Bridgeport, Conn., told us what she thought the newspapers ought to do for the Sunday Schools more than they are doing now, and we hope her strong and sound words will wake up all the papers. Afterwards came again the lively questioning and answering, until nearly one o'clock.

Thursday afternoon was given to considering the duties of the various workers in the Sunday School. First, the pastor, by Supt. Sprague of Augusta, Me., then the superintendent, by Miss Lane, of Gloucester, then the teacher, by Superintendent Wright of Reading, then the parent, by Mrs. Livermore of Boston, who spoke most glowingly for half an hour of what the father and mother and home should do for the child that the Sunday School could never do alone. All were deeply interested in all these statements of duty, and no one could feel criticised since the critic was again criticised all the way through. Questions again closed the session.

The last evening was given to one of the rarest and best things of the whole, a lecture by Rev. Mr. Dodge of Stamford, Conn., on "Consecration and Preparation." He thought the teacher ought first to have a love for doing God's service and for doing it in this way; then a sympathy for children, being able to understand them and how to adapt his work to them; and then he would know how to prepare himself and what method to use. He gave many fine illustrations of how the greatest truths could be so simply and strikingly stated as to be understood by the smallest child; and if the children had heard them we fear they would always have wanted to keep so charming a teacher. But perhaps he told us all the secret so we shall do better in future. Certainly he made us all feel what a glorious and blessed work it is to teach God to men or to children, and we shall never think lightly or discouragingly of our work again.

So ended the first Sunday School Institute held by our church alone. We are glad and proud that we are able to hold such a meeting, so full of zeal and knowledge and real power, all among our own workers. And it promises a new day,—a day of greater usefulness and of better methods, and a higher spirit in all our Sunday School work.



## Life of the Saviour.

### LESSON CVIII.

#### THE BETRAYER EXPOSED.

“They knew not the scriptures yet.”

SCRIPTURE. — Math. xxvi. 21–25. Mark xiv. 18–21. Luke xxii. 21–23. John

*Question.* — What was the feeling of Jesus before he opened his heart to his disciples respecting his betrayal?

*Answer.* — John xiii. 21.

*Q.* — What did he first say to his disciples respecting his betrayal?

*A.* — John xiii. 21.

*Q.* — Who was requested to ask Jesus who the betrayer was to be?

*A.* — John xiii. 24.

*Q.* — When John asked who of the twelve would be his betrayer, what did Jesus say?

*A.* — John xlii. 26.

*Q.* — To whom did Jesus give the sop?

*A.* — John xiii. 26.

*Q.* — How was Judas affected when he was pointed out as the betrayer of his Master?

*A.* — John xiii. 27.

NOTE. Anything that opposes is a satan whether it be a thought, a feeling, a person or an action. The wrong spirit took possession of Judas and he was ready for the sin he was about to commit.

*Q.* — Jesus, knowing the state of mind and heart of Judas, gave him what charge?

*A.* — John xiii. 27.

*Q.* — Did the apostles understand what was taking place?

*A.* — John xiii. 28.

*Q.* — What did they suppose Jesus charged Judas to do?

*A.* — John xiii. 29.

*Q.* — Did Judas immediately go out to finish his work of betrayal?

*A.* — John xiii. 30.

*Q.* — What words did Jesus utter immediately after Judas had gone out?

*A.* — John xiii. 31, 32.

NOTE. By his death, Jesus would be lifted up from the earth and draw all men unto him. No one saw this but himself. And when he knew the hour of his death drew very near, he saw that by the way of the cross he would be the Saviour of all nations of men. And by the breadth of his kingdom and his blessed authority over all men, he would turn all men to God, and God would be glorified by the fulfilment of his great purpose when he created man.



## Enigma No. 1.

1. A son of Isaac.
  2. Mother of Timothy.
  3. Son of Noah.
  4. Son of Boaz and Ruth.
  5. Wife of Abraham.
  6. Son of Eli.
  7. Was killed by lightning.
  8. An early Jewish writer.
  9. Mother of Samuel.
  10. Wife of Samuel.
  11. An unbelieving disciple.
- The initials of the answer form the name of a king of Judah.

*Bessie Putnam.*

## Enigma No. 2.

I am composed of 16 letters.  
 My 12, 5, 16, 9, 11, is a small fish.  
 My 13, 14, 12, 2, many are.  
 My 9, 14, 15, 4, all love.  
 My 1, 10, 3, 7, is the name of a city.  
 My 6, 8, 10, 10, 5, catches rubbish.  
 My 8, 10, 11, is what apples do.  
 My whole Jesus said we should do.

## Answer.

OCT. 12. Nehemiah.

# THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

**UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE,**

**37 Cornhill, Boston.**

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